

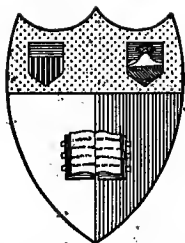
A VOICE FROM DONEGAL

And other Poems

BY

AN OLD DULWICHIAN.





**Cornell University Library**

**Ithaca, New York**

---

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME OF THE  
**FISKE ENDOWMENT FUND**  
THE BEQUEST OF  
**WILLARD FISKE**

LIBRARIAN OF THE UNIVERSITY 1882-1883

1905

---

Cornell University Library  
**PR 3991.A6O44**

**A voice from Donegal, and other poems,**



**3 1924 013 204 783**

olin

PR

3991

A6

044

# A VOICE FROM DONEGAL

And other Poems.

BY

“AN OLD DULWICHIAN.”

LONDON:

E. W. ALLEN, 11, AVE MARIA LANE.

1878.

---

*All rights reserved.*

A531300

## PREFACE.

---

In publishing the following poems the Author would claim the leniency of a critical public in the perusal of his efforts, on the plea of their having been composed, with the exception of a few of the minor pieces—which were written some years ago—amid the more serious calls of life and after prolonged and constant toils, which have made his indulgence in the poetic art the sweet oasis in the desert of daily routine.

If those who deem the pursuit of literature not inconsistent with the sterner occupations of a practical age, should gather a few thoughts worthy of their attention or regard, the author will consider himself amply repaid for his labours.



Cornell University  
Library

The original of this book is in  
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in  
the United States on the use of the text.



# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE.
To Dulwich College .. .. .	3
A Voice from Donegal .. .. .	7
Soliloquy .. .. .	39
Pobre Reina Mercedes .. .. .	45
Hope .. .. .	48
The Last Ride .. .. .	50
Night .. .. .	55
Home .. .. .	58
On the Death of a Young Bride .. .. .	60
The Song of Guilt .. .. .	62
The Welcome of Ragnar Lodbrog to Valhalla .. .. .	65



## TO DULWICH COLLEGE.

Awake, my harp ! thy feeble strings attune  
 To the fond theme, the spot my heart reveres !  
 Whose beauties late I saw beneath the moon,  
 And mark'd with feeling near akin to tears.  
 I love to scan, sweet haunt of boyish years,  
 Thy stately oaks, green fields, and woody bowers,  
 While Philomel confesses her chaste fears  
 To the lone silence of the ev'ning hours,  
 And the pale beams illumine the lov'd Alleynian towers !

Thee from the distant hills whene'er I view,  
 Skyward aspiring from thy shelter green  
 Of crowding foliage ; with tender hue  
 Of blooming chesnut, mingled pale between,  
 My bosom swells to think how I have been  
 Once, light of heart, an object of thy care,  
 Have mark'd thee clad in morning's dewy sheen,  
 And heard thy chimes swing out the hour of prayer—  
 And bounding from thy gates, what chorus fill'd the air !

Again, methinks, I hear that voiceful bell !  
 The hollow echoes 'neath thine arches fly !  
 Then sadness o'er the path of study fell,  
 And Pity heaved a momentary sigh.

Such recollections crowd my memory ;  
 Each sound, each sight, bore to my early mind  
 A hallow'd meaning, that will never die ;  
 'Tis something that my soul hath scarce defined ;  
 .....A reverence—a love—a pride in thee—combined !

Now buxom Ceres from the field departs,  
 For hoary Winter shakes his northern caves ;  
 Soon will dark days lie heavy on our hearts,  
 And Boreas roar across the icy waves ;  
 Then shall I see thee, 'mid this land of graves,  
 In classic beauty on the whiten'd plain,  
 Smiling at death, as though the lot of slaves,  
 Who live enthrall'd by pleasure, lust or pain ;  
 One star amid the gloom—one joy without a stain.

As roll the planets round the centred sun,  
 Round thee, fair idol, could my numbers flow ;  
 As circling worlds within his glances run  
 And gather beauty from the constant glow,  
 So in the sunshine thy pure arts bestow.  
 On gentle gales doth fancy seem to float,  
 And fain—if thou wilt hear a strain so low—  
 Would mingle in thine ear a feeble note,  
 With the wild gushing song, that swells the redbreast's  
 throat !

A VOICE FROM DONEGAL.



## A VOICE FROM DONEGAL.

The shadows lay darkly o'er sweet Kylemore,  
And the eagle had flown to his nest on Bencorr,  
When a lone man came out of the deep of the wood,  
And crouching, and creeping, and hiding, soon stood  
In the shade of O'Flannaghan's door.

There was joy in the cabin ; for laughter and song  
Echoed round the log fire, and the laughter was long ;  
But the stranger was weary and poor.

His visage was haggard. Deep furrow and seam  
Bespoke no light life flitted through like a dream,  
But a lease of long wearisome, dark flagging years,  
Attuned to deep sighing, and water'd with tears.  
But though rugged of mien and uncouth in attire,  
There lurk'd in his eye a wild glow, like the fire

That kindles the furnace, or lights up the wave,  
 When the mighty sun sinks upon freeman and slave.  
 His gaze was a beacon of warning, for there  
 Were his soul's secrets mirror'd—grief, hatred, despair.

“Who comes 'mid the shadows?” the old peasant said;  
 For a knocking was heard in the midst of their mirth,  
 Like the low hollow raps on the house of the dead;  
 And e'en as the twilight creeps over the earth,  
 So stole o'er their spirits a vague sense of dread;  
 And anxiously toward the dim doorway each eye  
 Slowly turned, but none moved, or vouchsafed a reply.

And then the strange knocking grew louder; and soon—  
 While from under a cloud burst the wild pallid moon,  
 Tracing shadow and outline—a groan, deep and long,  
 Mingled with the shrill wind, that just then whirl'd along  
 Up the mountain, and shriek'd out a threatening song.  
 And the listeners knew that harsh voice but too well,  
 As it swept with hoarse cry thro' the deep rugged dell,  
 Filling chasm and clift with mad tones, like a throng



Of fierce spirits let loose ; and they shudder'd to hear  
 The low moaning without, when the tempest was near.  
 And while yet they were crossing themselves in their fear,  
 And prayers, quickly mutter'd, still fell on the ear,  
 The old peasant rose :

“ By the soul of our Saint

“ Sweet St. Patrick, no wandering mourner shall faint  
 “ At O’Flannaghan’s door ! ’Tis the voice of the storm !  
 “ See yonder the shadows, that clothe his dread form,  
 “ Rolling over the mountain ! Along the hoarse waves  
 “ I can hear his wild dirge o’er the mariners’ graves !  
 “ Who knocks ? ”

All was silent, until the door shook ;  
 And all eyes were upon it with terrified look.  
 It open’d and closed ! and among them there stood  
 The wild looking man that crept forth from the wood !

Then the pale women clutch’d the strong arms of the men,  
 And the children cried out in their terror ; and then  
 Without question or asking, the stranger drew near  
 To the log fire, that burnt with a blaze, warm and clear,

And spread his gaunt hands in the light of the flame,  
 And chafed his wan cheeks, but no red flushes came;  
 When suddenly leapt every man from his place!  
 For upon that seam'd brow, all bespattered with mud,  
 There was something there staring them all in the face,  
 As it glow'd in the flickering firelight—'twas blood!

“Whence comest thou, brother, so weary and worn?”  
 Said the old peasant, touching the stranger forlorn:

“Go ask yonder billows,” he sternly replied:  
 “Whence come ye with white flashing foam o’er the tide?  
 “Shall the eagle that flies from the carcase, betray  
 “The far path of his flight to the eye of the day?”

Then in tones more subdued, while a faint weary smile  
 Just lit up his face with feign’d sunshine awhile:

“Would ye know whence I journey?—From childhood’s  
 fresh bloom,  
 “A traveller weary and worn,—to the tomb.”

And as the words fell from his lips in a tone,  
 Sad and mournful, a yearning towards him had grown  
 In the bosoms of all ; for though rugged of mien,  
 They felt that a heart lay behind the rough screen.  
 And the women gained faith, and the young children too,  
 Gazed with large open eyes of deep wondering blue  
 On the stranger. But when his dark visage was bent  
 On his hearers, a chill thro' each bosom was sent,  
 For they mark'd in his eye a wild motionless stare,  
 When he flung back his long tangled locks of grey hair ;  
 And that dark stain,—just Heaven ! what meaneth it there ?

And silent they sat round the fire in amaze,  
 While their faces shone out in the flickering blaze ;  
 And the stranger sat too, though he spoke not again,  
 While the whirlwind roar'd hoarsely o'er mountain and  
     plain,  
 For the storm rose apace, and the roll and the roar  
 Of the thunder beat fiercely on giddy Bencorr,  
 And the heights by the sea gave the mutterings back,  
 And the valleys lay drench'd and the heavens were black ;

For the pale moon was shrouded, and only the light  
Of the red riven skies shot athwart the wild night.

None spake while the storm howl'd without ; but at last  
A lull came, and ere long the fierce tempest was past ;  
Then the stranger arose ; but O'Flannaghan said :

“Nay ! leave us not, brother ! till morning has shed  
“Its bright beams o'er the valley !”

But only he shook  
His grey head, and his eye wore a terrified look,  
As he started, and listen'd :

“Did'st hear it ?” he gasp'd,  
And the arm of the old peasant nervously grasp'd :

No sound woke the echoes, save now the hoarse cry  
Of the frightened night owl or the wind's heavy sigh !

Then gently they drew him again to his seat  
'Mid the others ; and in the still silence the beat  
Of each heart almost sounded, and burden'd the ear,  
With a low warning voice, as though danger were near ;

Then the stranger spoke first :

“By the dim wood I saw

“A fair child, with a fell adder playing, and while

“She stoop’d over it, bright with gold locks and sweet  
smile,

“A scream rose, that rent my hard heart to the core !

“And the reptile, uplifted, with fierce gliding tongue,

“Had pierced that sweet angel, so fair and so young !

“Then madden’d with anger I rush’d from the wood,

“And crush’d the loath’d thing with my heel in its blood ;

“And e’en as I slew it, the eyes turn’d upon me

“A look of deep hatred and scorn. ‘Do I wrong thee ?’

“I cried, ‘thou hast slain thy fair victim !’ and then

“With fresh fury I crush’d it again and again ;

“But the creature still writhed,—and that vision yet  
woos me !

“Holy Mother ! that wild glance of hatred pursues me

“Throughout the long day ! Even now, all around me

“Its bright gleaming dances, its vengeance surrounds me !

“Then fear not, if suddenly starting, I seem

“In my wild absent mood, like to one in a dream.”

All wonder'd, but spoke not ; the while the strange man  
 Sat and gazed in the fire, as though deep in some plan  
 All absorbing, Then slowly uplifting his head :

“ Would you hear my sad story ? ” he mournfully said.

Then O'Flannaghan answer'd :

“ Oh, brother ! ” say on !

“ For thy face is as wan as the white winter moon,  
 “ And I ween that thy bosom is weighted with care ;  
 “ Would to God that mine own its cruel burden might  
 share ! ”

The stranger smiled wearily :

“ Could ye believe,

“ That my heart was once buoyant, and careless to grieve ?  
 “ That my cheek, like the rose blossom, glow'd in the sun ?  
 “ And now, well I know, 'tis a face you would shun !  
 “ For the deep seams of care, bitter grief and despair  
 “ Have stamp'd it with rugged tracks everywhere.”

A moment in silence, his sad roving eyes  
 Wander'd round the mix'd group, mute with awe and  
 surprise,

Till they rested upon a young maiden, whose form  
 Of beauty and freshness stood out in the throng,  
 Like the rainbow, that beams in the midst of the storm  
 And links with bright arch, many colour'd and long,  
 Sunrise and sunset thro' the breadth of the skies ;  
 And the stranger gazed on her, while stood in his eye  
 A great tear, trembling there, as he said with a sigh :

“ Christ save thee, sweet maiden ! A daughter had I  
 “ With eyes like the dews in the blue bell that lie,  
 “ Gleaming in the first dawn, and her round dimpled chin  
 “ Seem'd an harbour for Laughter to hide himself in.  
 “ Have ye mark'd the tall ferns in the woodland afar  
 “ That gracefully wave in the sheen of the star ?  
 “ Have ye seen the pale lily that lifts her sweet head  
 “ To drink in the light that the sunbeams have shed ?  
 “ So tender, so lovely, the hope of my years ;  
 “ Bloom'd like some fair blossom the wind never tears.

“ No nightingale’s note was so plaintive to me  
“ As her soft gentle voice, as she sat on my knee  
“ And gaz’d into my face, with blue eyes open’d wide,  
“ Where her mother’s soul shone, as the moon in the tide.

“ She came with the swallows. ’Twas in the still morn,  
“ Ere the sun was yet up, that my daughter was born ;  
“ And the Stirral’s high peak was scarce fired with the ray  
“ And the far stretching seas still in dim shadows lay.  
“ O God ! can I breathe it ?—while yet it was day,  
“ She who had travailed passed sighing away,  
“ And I, with my babe, in my sorrow and bitterness,  
“ Look’d on the world beyond, weeping and comfortless.

“ Wifeless and sad at heart over the flint and stone  
“ Strewing the path of life, mournful I journey’d on  
“ Caring for nought but the song and the laughter,  
“ The coaxing and wiles of my fair little daughter.  
“ All the labour and toil of the day were repaid  
“ By the sunshine and smiles of my sweet little maid ;



“ Summers passed by, with the bird on the wing,  
 “ And winters were charm’d by the wooing of spring,  
 “ And my little one grew, and the roses of health  
 “ Bloom’d upon her soft cheek. As though nature by stealth  
 “ Breathed o’er her in slumber with magical sighs,  
 “ More beauteous each day in long locks and full eyes  
 “ I noted my darling with sunlight arise.

“ And often when over the curve of the sea  
 “ The red sun was sinking majestically,  
 “ And glowing and rolling, right up to the sky  
 “ The purple waves gamboll’d, young Ellen and I  
 “ Went abroad in the sunset, and mark’d on the way  
 “ The white filmy moon rising out of the day;  
 “ And when the still twilight grew over the land,  
 “ And the splash sounded faintly on pebble and sand,  
 “ Hand in hand we would seek the pale stones, and with  
     breath  
 “ Barely drawn, speak in whispers of partings and death.

- “Why wonder and whisper at what ye have heard?  
 “Do ye doubt the bare truth of a wanderer’s word?  
 “Does my visage belie me?—these features hard lined—  
 “Do ye doubt that they ever were gentle and kind?”

The stranger threw up his long arms, and his eye  
 Wore a fierce frenzied look, as he utter’d a cry,  
 And the flame leaping up, on his rough forehead show’d  
 The deep stain red and glowing.

Then up from his place  
 Like a madman he sprang, and across the floor strode,  
 With his arms on his breast and a cloud on his face;  
 Then suddenly stay’d, while his huge shaggy head  
 Sank lower and lower:—

“My daughter is dead!”

Then a cold tremor ran thro’ the wondering throng  
 And they glanc’d at each other in silence for long,  
 Nor spoke, for the stranger stood mute as a stone,  
 And no sound broke the silence—save one heavy groan.

And all who were there in the light of the flame—  
 Strong men and weak women, they wept all the same,  
 At the story of sorrow, and eyes were dew-laden,  
 And woefully wept, in her fear, the young maiden.

Then the old man stood up, and in soft gentle tone  
 Whisper'd—

“ Stranger, dear stranger, thou weep'st not alone ! ”

But the words were scarce spoken when backward he leapt  
 And gazed at the stranger, who spoke not, nor wept,  
 For a dark livid hue had spread over his face,  
 And of grief in his eye there was never a trace,  
 But a passion unearthly shone out in his gaze—  
 Is it madness, or crime, in its gleaming that plays ?

A moment he stood, with bent brow and clench'd hand,  
 And, gazing around on the awe-stricken band  
 Like a thunder-cloud loom'd, ere the keen lightning flies  
 And the crash of the storm shakes the earth and the  
 skies—

For a moment—and then :—

“ Men of Erin ! ” he cried

In a voice hoarse with rage :—

“ Would ye know how she died,

“ And the fair blossom floated away on the tide ?

“ Nay, look not so wildly upon me, nor deem

“ I am mad, or walk under the sun in a dream !

“ ’Twas when the lone woods became sadder of tune,

“ Growing yellow and sere, and the gleam of the moon

“ Found a path, weird and white, all the long dewy night,

“ Thro’ the underwood dense—for the ground was  
bestrew’d

“ With the fall’n summer leaves, lying wet and bedew’d

“ By the breath of the autumn—I mark’d in concern

“ My daughter’s cheek fade with the shamrock and fern.

“ But I spoke not a word, for I would not believe

“ What they told me about her. Could Ellen deceive ?

“ Would the eagle swoop down to decoy the fair dove

“ From the fledgling’s soft nest and the bower of love ?

For a moment—and then :—

“ Men of Erin ! ” he cried

In a voice hoarse with rage :—

“ Would ye know how she died,

“ And the fair blossom floated away on the tide ?

“ Nay, look not so wildly upon me, nor deem

“ I am mad, or walk under the sun in a dream !

“ ’Twas when the lone woods became sadder of tune,

“ Growing yellow and sere, and the gleam of the moon

“ Found a path, weird and white, all the long dewy night,

“ Thro’ the underwood dense—for the ground was  
bestrew’d

“ With the fall’n summer leaves, lying wet and bedew’d

“ By the breath of the autumn—I mark’d in concern

“ My daughter’s cheek fade with the shamrock and fern.

“ But I spoke not a word, for I would not believe

“ What they told me about her. Could Ellen deceive ?

“ Would the eagle swoop down to decoy the fair dove

“ From the fledgling’s soft nest and the bower of love ?

“ And I cried in my dreaming : ‘ Beware of yon light,  
 “ ‘ For the will-o’-the-wisp o’er the bog shines to-night.’  
 “ And awaking—her chamber was empty and lone !  
 “ Alas ! the poor dove to the eagle had flown !

“ A tender confession, bedew’d with her tears,  
 “ Broke in on my silence, and proved my worst fears ;  
 “ I yearned for revenge, for the words had reveal’d  
 “ The fell curse of my days ; but my lips remained seal’d,  
 “ And a fierce passion madden’d my brain ; and I vow’d  
 “ A fell oath of revenge on the head of the proud,  
 “ Heartless tyrant, who thus could crush down the sweet  
     flower,  
 “ Like a thing without soul, or the toy of an hour.  
 “ And all things grew unsightly ; wherever I went  
 “ Every bud had a thorn, and the saplings were bent ;  
 “ The streams were impure with the slime of the snake,  
 “ And the moon became blood ; and the stars in her wake,  
 “ Like the mad rolling eyes of revenge or despair,  
 “ Rush’d through the dark heavens, and redden’d the air ;

“ And ever, with bright subtle gleaming, a blade,  
 “ Wet with blood, hung ’mid air, and a glimmering made;  
 “ And often I clutch’d at it, dazed with the light,  
 “ But my palm return’d empty.

“ And once in the night,  
 “ As I sat with wide eyes in the silence of death,  
 “ I felt a soft touch, and a mortal’s warm breath :  
 “ It was Ellen !—but when I leapt forward to clasp  
 “ The dear form to my heart, there was nothing to grasp !  
 “ And only a dagger, with glimmer and glare,  
 “ Rose and fell, like the thistledown wafted on air !

The stranger’s voice shook, and his eye grew more wild,  
 And a shivering seiz’d on man, woman and child.

“ And then in the twilight came one,” he went on,  
 “ With a face pale and wet with his tears, came alone ;  
 “ And he bore Ellen’s plaid in his hand, and I knew,  
 “ That my child had pass’d out of this land to the blue ;  
 “ And I strove for my speech, and the other strove too,

“ But stood silent. At length in a whisper, he said :

“ ‘ Nigh the One Man’s Pass I found the plaid,

“ ‘ Where the white-wing’d gull her nest hath made ! ’

Then silent again stood, pale, tearful and sad.

“ Am I dreaming ? ’Tis there that the lashing seas roar

“ Twice a thousand feet down on the deepening shore,

“ And the mad winds, that whirl round the bare skarping  
cliff,

“ Yell out o’er the wave to the venturesome skiff !

“ And e’en as I stood, like a trunk that was riven,

“ A ruin that totter’d, convuls’d, ere it fell,

“ He whisper’d again :

“ ‘ There is mercy in Heaven,

“ ‘ But, Cory O’Graith, there is vengeance in Hell ! ’

“ Then he sped, but his eyes wore a terrible meaning ;

“ And I—for my dark thoughts were ripe for the  
gleaning—



"Sank into myself, and with dark plots and scheming,  
 "Ne'er woke until midnight from out of my dreaming ;  
 "And there stood a form in the doorway, with eyes  
 "Darkly rolling in anger, and breathing deep sighs !—

"'Up, Cory O'Graith ! from thy dreaming,' he said :  
 "'There's a song to be sung at the wake of the dead.'

"Then he turned, and I follow'd, and down in the vale  
 "There was shouting and weeping and dancing and  
     mirth ;  
 "And the moonlight fell over us, ghostly and pale,  
 "As the dead man outstretch'd on the damp dewy earth.  
 "And I knew the proud face, and I utter'd a cry,  
 "A hoarse shout of revenge, but the woods made reply,  
 "For fled were the mourners, and I was alone  
 "With the chill ghastly corpse and the shadowy moon.  
 "And I glared at it, trembling with hatred, and loath'd it !  
 "Would that the rustling leaves only had clothed it !

“ For there was a deep wound, yet gaping,—and faith !

“ The lips moved and mutter’d :

“ Hail, Cory O’Graith !’

“ And, while I stood trembling, the mourners came lightly,

“ Like ghosts in the moonlight, they glimmer’d so whitely,

“ And bore me away in a swoon from the spot,

“ And I scarce know this day if I dreamt it, or not.

“ And then the long hours of wild weeping came on,

“ Endless nights with no moon, and dark days without sun ;

“ And I talked with the spirits, for dreaming set in,

“ And hoarse voices for ever were raving within ;

“ And time became blank, and I durst not say where

“ I fled in those dark hidden hours of despair.

“ But at last a day broke, and the haze of the dawn,

“ Like a faint flash of hope to a bosom forlorn,

“ Lay on the still wave ; and I waited and watch’d

“ By an old gnarléd trunk, that was batter’d and notch’d,

“ And time-worn and bare ;—for I thought how thy years

“ Must have lived out deep sorrows, and hatred and tears—

“ And I listen’d, my heart full of vengeance, and heard  
 “ The coo of the dove, and the soft trilling bird,  
 “ And the hum of the bee, and the wash of the brook ;  
 “ And hardly I durst in its clear mirror look,  
 “ For I caught just a glimpse, and then darted aside,  
 “ And shudder’d to see my dark face in the tide !  
 “ And I listen’d again—there were sounds in the wind,  
 “ Coming nearer—yet nearer !

“ Then rush’d thro’ my mind  
 “ A strange feeling of terror ; my limbs became chill,  
 “ But my heart, like a viper, was deadly in will ;  
 “ My teeth were firm set, and my breath, like a blast  
 “ Thro’ the branches, in hisses escap’d, struggling past ;  
 “ And nearer the sounds came—more near and more near ;  
 “ ’Twas the hour of my triumph, my vengeance, my fear !  
 “ I leapt from the shadows, nor scarcely knew where,  
 “ There burst on my sight such a bright sudden glare ;  
 “ And it seem’d that I swoon’d, but I heard in my dream  
 “ The sound of fierce struggling, and one dying scream,  
 “ One entreaty for mercy, and then the words fell :  
 “ ‘ There is mercy in Heaven and vengeance in Hell ! ’

“ Then the swooning had pass’d—

On the verge of the wood

“ By the moaning sea I paced. O God !

“ A weapon lay gleaming there on the sod,

“ And my hands were red with a victim’s blood !

“ A groan—the groan of a dying man

“ Broke on my ear ; and the breezes, that fan

“ The long tremulous grass, on my forehead were blowing

“ And cooled it, for it was all throbbing and glowing.

“ I turn’d in the footprints, that lately were press’d,

“ ’Mid the underwood, crushing the flowers : and the swell

“ Of the cuckoo’s note mournfully toll’d, like the bell

“ Of sad mourners—a woe-laden echo it fell,

“ And stifled the breath in my labouring breast.

“ There, ’neath the copse he lay, staining the primrose  
pale !

“ Dead—with his speechless face turned to the day !

“ E’en as I saw him adown in the vale

“ And heard the lips mutter ! They quiver’d not now,

“ For the spectre of death sat and grinn’d on his brow—

“ It was the last moan ere his soul fled away,  
 “ And the sun rose and gilded the wave in the bay.

“ I rush’d from the spot. Though the dead man moved  
     not,

“ A chill terror crept over me. Every tone  
 “ In the passing gale fell on my ears like a groan ;  
 “ And in a dark cavern I hid from the day,  
 “ Nigh the voice of the deep sea and wash of the spray ;  
 “ And when midnight grew over Donegal Bay,  
 “ And only the path of the moonlight lay  
 “ On the weary wave, and stretched far away

    “ Out into the deep broad sea,

“ I crept from my hole, like a beast from his lair,  
 “ And stood under the moon in the fresh night air ;

    “ But there was no rest for me !

“ With a woeful splash on the wooded shore  
 “ The breakers heaved, rushing back with a roar  
 “ O’er the grating beach, and the whited stones  
 “ Rattled and clash’d, like dead men’s bones ;

“ And I fled from the spot in mortal fear,  
 “ For I felt that the vision of God was near,  
 “ And my hands were unclean, for the hideous stain,  
 “ Though wash’d o’er and o’er, came out redder again ;  
 “ And back to the shadows I rush’d, for the moon  
 “ Gleam’d, and quiver’d and gleam’d, on the still hollow  
 stone,  
 “ And I shrunk from the voiceful sea.”

The log fire growing dim and red  
 Around a deeper glowing shed,  
 And the stranger’s voice, in alter’d tone,  
 Sank almost to a moan :—

“ But why thus prolong the sad tale of my grief ?  
 “ Can it lighten my sorrow or bring me relief ?  
 “ Nay, friends, do not spurn me and coldly recoil !  
 “ But pity me, brothers and sons of the soil !  
 “ There is death in the thundercloud looming on high,  
 “ But behind it reposes the blue stretching sky,

“ And the deep stilly tide of the ocean careers  
 “ Beneath the wild wave, that the mariner fears.

“ Seven nights, seven days, had passed by, since my child,  
 “ The sweet flower, that was born of my sorrow, and smil’d,  
 “ Like the first bloom of spring o’er a waste stern and wild,  
 “ Was aveng’d—seven lives, seven ages of woe  
 “ Had woven their sorrows about me—when, lo !  
 “ At the dawning, I saw the great sun leave the wave ;  
 “ And climbing the ivy-clad ruins of Moyne  
 “ Beheld the white sand hills, the rushing tides lave,  
 “ And the islet of Bartra beyond dimly shine ;  
 “ And from the old tower in that lone waking hour  
 “ I watch’d the long shadows o’er valley and bower  
 “ Grow lighter and brighter ; but as the day broke  
 “ I fear’d, for new terrors within me awoke,  
 “ And in every chink of the mouldering pile,  
 “ The dead man’s pale face seem’d to mock me and  
 smile !

- “Oh! think ye, I e’er can find refuge again  
 “From the pangs of remorse or this deepening stain?  
 “Can I ever find rest? Can I seek for repose  
 “In the deep mountain dell or the bowers of the rose?  
 “What beauty is now in the lake or the sky?  
 “What warmth in the sun, or what light to mine eye?  
 “All the land has grown dark! On the mountain and  
     plain  
 “Lives, alone and supreme, one indelible stain!  
 “All earth is a charnel! From wave to far wave  
 “Blooms the flower to fade, stands the man by his grave!  
 “And in sooth what for me is to live? The dark tomb  
 “Can alone bury grief and remorse in its gloom!  
 “The shadows are breaking, they seek for my life  
 “With deep curses and mocking! Lost daughter and wife  
 “I come to you! Friends, there is something within  
 “Beating madly! It sounds like a horrible din  
 “Of harsh voices, accusing my conscience of sin!  
 “I come to you, dear ones, from weeping and strife!  
 “Already Death knocks at my heart to come in!



“And it will not be long, ere the deep drowsy song  
 “Of the dark water swells, as it bears me along !

“Hold ! save me ! that face ! holy Mother, forbear  
 “To taunt me in death with that horrible glare !  
 “Back victim !”

And starting, he leapt from his seat  
 And gaz'd in wild fear on the ground at his feet :  
 “Back tyrant ! betrayer ! I know thee !—My child—  
 “Give me back my lost daughter, though foul and  
 defiled !

“Hark, hark ! Did ye hear it ?

A rustling—a sound  
 As of moving wings rose, and the distant wood sigh'd  
 Like the sad wailing willows, that dip in the tide ;  
 And the cabin door open'd,—no mortal could tell  
 How it open'd or closed ! while a voice deep and wild,  
 Like the breathing of cavern winds, on their ears fell,  
 And linger'd in weird ghostly echoes around :  
 “Hail, Cory O'Graith ! thou shalt follow thy child !”

And lo!—as the gleam of a transient moon,  
 Just flash'd from the dark broken cloud, and then gone ;  
 Or a dim phantom sail, gliding over the deep,  
 When midnight has gather'd on strand and on steep,  
 Pass'd among them a vision,—each man held his breath  
 As a form floated by, pale and ghastly as death  
 In a faint hazy light.—Was it spirit or being  
 Unreal and ghostly, that stagger'd the seeing ?  
 But there were huge eyes, shining hollow and bright !  
 And arms, gaunt and waving, and hair long and white !  
 And it pass'd and was gone.

There are those that have told  
 How a spirit that night haunted mountain and wold ;  
 How it pass'd with chill rushing along the lake shore,  
 And rose like a white sheet of foam up Bencorr ;  
 How it skirted Maam-Turc, and around a lone peak  
 Hover'd long, and then vanish'd with one piercing shriek.  
 But no more in the old peasant's cabin appear'd  
 That strange vision, and long they stood trembling, and  
 fear'd

To speak or to question,—till rose a deep sigh  
 From the stranger, who smiled when that spectre  
     pass'd by,  
 And his clench'd hands relax'd, falling down by his side,  
 And his eyes strain'd at something, they open'd so wide,  
 And his head sank, and soon he had fall'n to the ground ;  
 But O'Flannaghan mark'd how he suddenly swoon'd,  
 And sprang forth, while escaped from his eye a full tear  
 And caught him and placed him with fatherly care  
 In the midst of the group, and put back his long hair  
 And moisten'd his brow.

Then they all watch'd him there,  
 But he moved not. And through the long hours they  
     sat by,  
 And spoke in low whispers, with many a sigh ;  
 But still he moved not, and when morning light shone,  
 One touch'd him and shriek'd !

He was colder than stone !



---

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

---



## SOLILOQUY.

What art thou, phantom, haunting shades and ways ?  
Like some departed spirit, rising up  
To fill the mind with pictures of past days,  
And make more sad life's barely sweetened cup !  
Mine ear is fill'd with murmurs, and a host  
Of mournful mem'ries, like the seaweed cast  
Upon the shallow, after weary years  
Of tossing too and fro upon the main,  
Surges upon my mind, and doubts and fears  
Breed dark remorse—Alas ! 'tis all in vain !  
'Tis all in vain ! I cannot now recall  
The days bygone, long cover'd with the pall  
Of Time's dead years, and life must bear the pain !

Ah ! do I mark thee smiling, mother mine,  
 With sweet forgiveness on thy placid brow,  
 Where thought enthroned bids fancy well define  
 A mind above the empty cares, that grow  
 And choke with flimsy pride and flutter fine  
 The soul of woman ? Yes ! thy tender love  
 And deep affection pleads in tears my cause  
 In the stern ear of heav'n ! On bended knee  
 In the calm falling moonlight, whilst a pause,  
 Almost unearthly, the still world above  
 Hangs, breathing faintly—thy chaste form I see  
 With silvery locks adown, and earnest eye  
 Fix'd on the void, as though thou could'st descry  
 Those, we have lov'd and lost, beyond the sky !  
 And thou, fond parent, o'er whose head have roll'd  
 Long years of toil and heavy hours of care,  
 Like mists at even, veiling all the fair  
 Bright setting sun and hill tops fring'd with gold,  
 My father ! how I love thee ! When I dwell  
 Upon the scenes of early childhood's years,  
 And live them o'er again in smiles and tears,  
 What pleasures pure, what fondling joys they tell.



Such is the retrospect from man's estate  
With mingling vain regrets, that in one dwell  
And for the hidden future, who can tell  
What spectres on life's way our steps await?  
A change has come upon me, and my life  
Has passed into a decade, which must breed  
Hopes, joys and fears, stern toil and careful heed,  
Alternate and resistless, pleasure, strife,  
Perchance dark looming evils,—for no more  
My bark lies anchor'd on th' accustom'd shore,  
No more at ease I seek the welcome roof  
Of childhood's home, sweet council and reproof;  
Within my heart hath Love built up a shrine,  
And I have centred all my hopes and joys  
In one fair idol, glowing with the hue  
Of youth and beauty. As the flower decoys  
The roving bee, when summer sunbeams shine  
On leaf and blossom, dash'd with gleaming dew,  
Her soul hath drawn me, and new pleasures fling  
Their burden'd sweetness to me, as they wing.

Sweet Solace of the hours from toiling free ;  
 Who would not toil, my gentle wife, for thee ?  
 For thee—and the dear joys, that round thee cling !

So run my thoughts as in my little chamber,  
 Hard by the ivied casement silent sitting,  
 I watch the feather'd flights with labour flitting  
 Skyward, against the adverse winds of heaven ;  
 And where the tangled tendrils twisted clamber  
 Shapeless and wild, with creepers interwoven,  
 The homely robin, who with broken strain  
 Relieves his beating heart of all its pain.  
 The bleating flocks upon the verdure green  
 Crop the soft grass, yet clad in morning sheen ;  
 And yon steep hill, with rugged oaks o'ergrown,  
 Looms on the vision, silent and alone.

Oh, Albion ! I love thy valleys more,  
 Thy woods and hills, and soft meand'ring streams,  
 Than all the beauties, of which mortal dreams

In lands that boast a clime more bright and pure !  
 When late I saw the deeply rolling Rhone,  
 Washing the rocks and crags of whited stone ;  
 Th' embossom'd vales, the hills of cluster'd vine,  
 Methought, what charms compare, sweet land, with  
     thine !

I marked the mellow evening pale the land,  
 And cast her shadows on the southern strand ;  
 The murmur of the billows filled my soul  
 With a deep rapture ; and the crags and peaks  
 Hurl'd from the giant cliff, where daily seeks  
 The fisherman his toil upon the shoal,  
 Glisten'd with dripping foam beneath the moon ;  
 While distant, rose upon the billow's breast,  
 Couch'd in stern pomp, and with strange terrors dress'd,  
 Hoar Chateau d'If, majestically lone.

But yet my heart was with thee, native land,  
 My spirit intermingled still with thine,  
 And in my thought I trod thy rugged strand !

Oh ! with what joy, with what elated eyes,  
I view'd thy cliffs, my fatherland, arise  
White, from the wave and breaker's foamy line !

Now hast thou fled, dark spirit ; for the smile  
Of those who love me, and fond dreams of joy,  
Dawning upon the darkness, like the coy  
Soft moonlight flooding shadowy lake and isle,  
Have vanquish'd thee ; and the dank weeds that twine  
And cling, and grow, and wind about my soul  
Their noxious tendrils, withering, droop and pine ;  
Dear Love, I yield me to thy sweet control !

Farewell, fond visions ! while the echoes swell  
Like the weird music in the ocean shell,  
Belov'd ones, all, farewell !

---

## POBRE REINA MERCEDES.

Hark ! The wild tones of weeping and despair  
    Float on the southern gale,  
    And round Nevada's summits pale  
Cling the low moans that burden all the air.  
    Pobre Reina Mercedes !

Weep, dark-eyed maidens, 'mid thine orange bowers  
    Lament, and wildly weep !  
    For to the dark unfathom'd deep  
Wind-shatter'd, drifts the fairest of thy flowers.  
    Pobre Reina Mercedes !

No more is heard the tinkling castanet  
    With ceaseless echoing sound  
    Of mirth no more the hills resound ;  
For hearts are heavy and bright eyes are wet.  
    Pobre Reina Mercedes !

Wild fancies, whisp'ring round the shrine of love,  
 Low plaintive music making,  
 Be silent ; for each heart is quaking,  
 As the light leaflets trembling in the grove.

Pobre Reina Mercedes.

And thou, royal mourner ! Can a nation's sighs  
 Soothe thy consuming grief ?

We weep for thee—but what relief  
 Is there for love, when cold its idol lies ?

Pobre Reina Mercedes !

But yet we weep for thee ; all peoples mourn  
 And mingle tears with thine !

Could human hearts fail to combine  
 In sorrow for a breast so cruelly torn ?

Pobre Reina Mercedes !

From southern seas to where the midnight sun  
 Burns on the snowy mountains,  
 And frozen streams from ice-bound fountains  
 Burst wailing forth, love mourns what death has done.

Pobre Reina Mercedes !

Wave sadly, ye dim olives, darkly seen  
    Deep in thy burden'd vales ;  
For Hope's frail bark with windless sails  
Sinks o'er the horizon, bathed in deathly sheen.  
    Pobre Reina Mercedes !

---

## HOPE.

Hope ! thou art clad in folly and deceit ;  
Yet in man's bosom how supreme thy sway.  
For ever art thou pointing to some day  
Of sunshine, gliding on with lightsome feet,  
But destined, far too often, ne'er to meet  
The goal of sweet desire or star of fame.  
Bright is the hour when first thy rays we greet,  
And dark the night when dead thy flick'ring flame.  
Then well we are assur'd that Hope is but a name !

Yet sweet the first keen transports of the breast,  
When doth thy form in airy garb appear ;  
As Gilead's healing balm to the distrest,  
Or Samson's strength to them o'ercome with fear ;



Bright beameth heaven, and light the atmosphere,  
While sanguine man grasps Fancy's flashing wing ;  
The haven of fond longing shineth clear,  
And round his heart enchanting echoes ring,  
Already Allah smiles, and Houris softly sing.

Then far too often o'er the glowing sky  
Loom darkling clouds to chase his joys away ;  
Up from the fair horizon do they fly  
In dim foreboding treacherous array.  
Gone is the sun, and waning is the day,  
Chill creeping twilight spreads its glimm'ring veil,  
O'er all the heav'n is drawn the curtain grey,  
And the flushed cheek grows more than ever pale,  
The kindled eyes wax dim to read the dismal tale.

---

## THE LAST RIDE.

Hark ! the clang of hoof and steel  
Echoes like the thunder peal !  
Horse and rider ! whither bound ?  
Making rock and chasm reel,  
Striking fire from the flinty ground,  
Horse and rider ! whither bound ?

Haste, pale stranger, all alone  
Over turf and over stone !  
Wild and dreary is the moon ;  
Hasten to thy lady's bower !  
She is sighing sad and lone,  
She will soothe thy dying hour !

Red the spur, the bridle white  
 With the foam of furious flight;  
 Winging past the orb of night  
 Scud the clouds in ghostly light;  
 Madly rushing—haste along  
 'Mid the whirlwind's awful song!

Mourn, deep river,—rolling wave!  
 Mourn for the blood of the fallen brave!  
 What will not the hero dare?  
 E'en the battle's ghastly glare!  
 E'en the chill arms of the grave!

Where the hungry eagles flutter,  
 O'er the heaps of silent slain,  
 And the dying faintly utter  
 Prayers, who ne'er will pray again.  
 When the golden sun above  
 Had arisen, warm as love,  
 Tinting with his light benign  
 Mountain high and rolling Rhine,

Forth yon chieftain fearless sped  
With the flower of chivalry ;  
Each the hope of glory read  
In his lady's gentle eye ;  
One in his bright helm had tied  
Waving tress of golden hair ;  
One a ribbon that his bride  
Loosen'd from her bosom fair ;  
Others boasted but a sigh ;  
It was better, all must die !

Forth they sped with laugh and jest,  
Gleam'd the corselet on the breast,  
Fair the morn and bold the knight,  
Who is he that fears the fight ?  
Him his lady loves the best,  
Who can wield his lance aright,  
He will find the sweetest rest  
'Neath the moon on summer night.

Oh ! the might of foemen's anger !  
Oh ! the battle's mingled clangor !  
Pennons fell and pennons rose  
Swaying in the deadly close ;  
Eyes flash'd fire and curses loud  
Echoed 'mid the struggling crowd ;  
Weapons clash'd from morn till noon,  
Gleaming blue beneath the moon ;  
Hope has sunk, and souls have risen  
Winging from their mortal prison.

Wave no more the golden tresses !  
Onward the last hero presses !  
Crush'd and torn the silken token,  
Blood-stain'd crest, and bright lance broken ;  
He alone is left to fly,  
Dead his echoing battle cry,  
Low his head and dim his eye.

Onward, over turf and stone,  
 Speed thou, chieftain, pale and lone ;  
 Madly rushing, haste away,  
 Only, only time to pray.  
 Wild and drearily gleams the moon,  
 Speed thou to thy lady fair,  
 She is sighing, sad and lone ;  
 She will smooth thy gory hair,  
 She will bind thy streaming side,  
 Gently, with a woman's love,  
 She will watch thy couch beside,  
 Mourning softly as the dove.

The morning sun like golden pine  
 Tinted mountain and rolling Rhine,  
 And on the shore a gallant lay,  
 Pallid and still, by a charger grey ;  
 Mourn deep river,—rolling wave,  
 For the fair weep wildly o'er the brave !

## NIGHT.

'Tis night ! There is no sound of life !  
A solemn stillness round me clings,  
Unbroken by the breath of strife  
Or toil, or murm'ring mortal tongue ;  
In silent pomp has darkness flung,  
O'er hilly cone and sloping vale  
The deepsome shadow of its wings,  
And only Dian, shining pale,  
Throws fitful gleams o'er land and sea ;  
Oh Night ! thy sweetness cannot fail,  
To charm the soul, enthralld by thee,  
And borne on airy fancy's wings  
Doth thought take flight from earthly things  
Into weird realms of fantasy !

I love to hear thy murmurs swell,  
The dull deep throbbing of thy void ;  
As though a million breathings tell,  
That restless man is now at peace,  
With day's fierce toil or pleasure cloy'd,  
And pulses sleep in sweet release.  
I love thy loneliness ! I love,  
In contemplation steep'd, to rove  
Amid the shadows of the vale,  
While mournfully the midnight gale  
Awakes the dimly arching grove.

Come, tread yon haunted dell with me,  
Dark Spirit of uncertainty !  
And mark, the rustling branches swing,  
Across our path in ghostly light,  
Like forms unearthly beckoning  
The lonely wanderer of night.

No turmoil desecrates the hour ;  
No faintness, doubt, or vice, hath power ;



We seem to drink in, through our sight,  
The sterner feelings of delight ;  
A rapture, but no fancy wild,  
That swells the bosom of a child—  
A bliss, but such would turn to flight  
And make all weaker passions cower—  
A strength exultant drawn from thee,  
O solemn space ! As from the flower  
New sweetness sips the fainting bee,  
As from the bosom of the sea  
The stooping cloud draws strength and power,  
So in thy void mysterious hour  
O Night, my soul partakes of thee !

---

## HOME.

Still yearns the heart for hearth and home,  
Though cold its pulse, and every hope  
We treasure most, must find a tomb,  
Despairing with the world to cope.

Beneath the darkling cloud a spark  
Of true affection lights the gloom,  
It seems to pierce the shadows dark,  
And with warm glow the heart illume.

As shines the beacon on the strand,  
To beckon some far groping sail  
Back to its long lost fatherland,  
While whisper'd welcomes wing the gale,

So distant, gleams the star of love,  
From that dear spot, the tongue calls home,  
And fondest fancies thence will rove,  
As care and we together roam.

---

## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG BRIDE.

What hast thou done, pale gloating Death ?  
Thy horrid tale hath stay'd my breath !  
I read the line that told the woe,  
And chill my startled heart did grow ;  
Each vein throb'd high—a rapid flush  
O'erspread with sudden rush my brow,  
And then grew cold amid the hush  
Of solemn thought—'tis with me now !

We saw her eye, so full of life  
Untainted by the hue of death ;  
We marked uncurb'd the gentle breath  
Uplift the breast in easy strife !

And is that eye now closed and dim ?  
 And is that breath for every gone ?  
 Now only left the rigid limb  
 And all, but what is mortal, flown !  
 Methinks I hear the mourner weep,  
 Bared to mine eyes his bosom's deep ;  
 'Tis red and rack'd with pain, and fast  
 From many an aching wound it bleeds ;  
 The stroke is o'er, the shock is past !  
 But on his heart the canker feeds.

Oh God ! how little doth it seem,  
 When thousand struggling mortals fall  
 Amid the battle's lurid gleam,  
 To this one loss ! 'tis more than all !  
 One friend snatch'd hastily from life—  
 One bud of love, rent ere it bloom,  
 Counts more than thousands slain in strife,  
 Themselves unknown, unknown their tomb.

## THE SONG OF GUILT.

Spirits of darkness !  
Phantoms of air !  
Where shall I hide me ?  
Where ? oh, where ?

Where the sun lingers  
On the hill top,  
Or where the shadows lie  
Down the dark slope ?

Spirits of darkness !  
Phantoms of air !  
Where shall I cast me ?  
Where ? oh, where ?

Will the sun cover me  
With his bright rays ?  
Dazzle pursuer's glance  
Blinding their gaze ?

Will the moon, shining pale,  
Bathe me in light,  
Making my foulness look  
Spotless and bright ?

Or 'mid the deepest haunts  
Of some dark wood,  
Clothing the land, where once  
Hoar temples stood,

Let my dark guilty soul  
Bury its pain,  
Lull'd by the midnight wind's  
Weary refrain !

Spirits of darkness !  
Phantoms of air !  
Where will ye cover me ?  
Where ? oh, where ?

Give me but wings to fly  
To the red morn,  
Burn in its fiery eye  
Wretched, forlorn !

---



THE WELCOME OF RAGNAR LODBROG  
TO VALHALLA.

The shadowy chase and combat o'er,  
Dark tales of death and songs of war  
    Swell famed Valhalla's halls ;  
And, mingling with hoarse laugh and shout,  
The boasted deeds of blood and rout  
    Shake Odin's Palace walls.

Around the board the blacken'd skull,  
Of purple vintage, brimming full,  
    From hand to hand is passed ;  
Fierce thoughts flash out from fiercer eyes,  
As round the foaming goblet flies ;  
And curse and clamor struggling rise  
    Upon the northern blast.

Then rose the god of dreaded fame,  
 With sweeping locks and glance of flame,  
     Whom Vala did foretell ;  
 Vala, the mighty, who doth lie,  
 With closed, yet ever wakeful eye,  
 In huge and gloomy ruin by  
     The eastern gate of hell :

“ Your wine cups, and new joys prepare,  
 “ Race of Valhalla, earth and air !  
     “ For Ragnar, valiant son ;  
 “ Of bow and spear, of wind and wave,  
 “ Hath pass’d the gloom of death and grave,  
     “ And lasting glory won.

“ Though direful Hela bind her chain  
 “ About him on the struggling plain,  
     “ And hideous Fenris glare,  
 “ Ere move the eagle’s mighty wing  
 “ Or mountain tops are glistening.  
 “ Speed, warlike maids, and Ragnar bring  
 “ Our brimming cups to share.”

Stern maids were they, and brave as stern ;  
No passions in their bosoms burn ;  
    And passing, like a blast  
Of rushing wind, they sped their flight ;  
As shadows, dimming hope and light,  
    Unmoved and chill, they passed.

“Welcome, Ragnar, chieftain brave !  
“Welcome, from a noble grave !  
“Saxon arms and Saxon spear !  
“Children of the flaxen hair !  
“Quake no more, for glory waits  
“Ragnar at Valhalla’s gates !  
“Pass the skull and fill the bowl !  
“Who shall fetter Lodbrog’s soul ?  
“Ring of arms, and clash of mail ;  
“Brimming cup, and goblet red ;  
“Here are joys that never fail !  
“Haste, bold Viking, from the dead !”

Hark ! the tramp of heroes, sounding  
Like the billow, rock-resounding !  
Balder's peerless form grows dim ;  
Trembles Vali's mighty limb.  
Welcome ! Ragnar, son of war !  
Blushing yet with heathen gore !  
Ne'er the maids of marble brow  
Bore a worthier guest than thou ;  
Mimer's head, unheeded lies ;  
Round the board the wine cup flies ;  
Pass the skull and fill the bowl !  
Let the song of welcome roll  
Forth upon the shouting wind,  
Swelling, boundless, unconfined !  
Welcome, Ragnar, son of might !  
Welcome, from the shades of night !

---

## NOTES.

*Kylemore*.—One of the most lovely lakes in the district of Connemara, or “The Bays of the Sea.”

*Bencorr*.—The highest mountain peak in Connemara, attaining an elevation of 2336 feet.

*The Sterral or Bent Cliff*.—Is a stupendous headland on the north-west coast.

*The Abbey of Moyne*.—Founded in 1460, and formerly inhabited by the order of the Franciscans. It is situated near the shores of the Bay of Killala, and is much admired for its picturesque beauty.

*Bartra Island*.—Lies in the Bay of Killala.

*Vala*.—The prophetess of Scandinavian mythology.

*Hela*.—The goddess of death.

*Fenris*.—A hideous wolf, dreaded by the gods as an instrument of their destruction.

*Mimer*.—A prophet, whose head was said to be consulted by Odin in all cases of moment.

*Balder*.—Son of Odin, celebrated for his great beauty, the Apollo of Scandinavian mythology.

*Vali*.—God of strength and formidable archer.













